

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. V.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

NO. 16.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS { BY MAIL,....\$2 PER ANNUM, } IN ADVANCE.
" CARRIER, \$2.50 " }

ITS CONTENTS relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time,—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music published at home and abroad. 3. A Summary of the significant Musical News from all parts; gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, Esthetic Books, the Drama, &c.—8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, Anecdotes, &c.

Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished. Also bound copies of the first two years. Postage, if paid in advance, for any distance within the State, thirteen cents a year; if not in advance, twenty-six cents. To all places beyond the State, double these rates.

J. S. DWIGHT,.....EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.
OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington Street.
" GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.
" DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.
" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 722 Broadway, N. Y.
" GEORGE DUTTON, JR., Rochester, N. Y.
" G. ANDRE, 229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
" MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St., Balt.
" COLBURN & FIELD, Cincinnati, O.
" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O.
" JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

For half a square, (8 lines,) or less, first insertion, . . . \$0.50
each additional inser.25
For a square, (16 lines,) first insertion, 1.00
" each additional insertion,50
On advertisements standing three months or longer, a discount of twenty per cent. on the above rates is allowed.
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

[Translated by the Editor.]

A Review of the History of Music before Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 115.)

GLUCK was even greater as a thinker than as a musician. From grounds of reflection, the *Opera Seria*, to which he had paid the tribute of his youth, accompanied by the most brilliant success, in Italy, disgusted him; and he began to reflect radically upon the conditions of lyric tragedy, tried to bring them into application in

his *Orfeo*, and developed them in writing in the preface to his *Alceste*, which he dedicated to the grand duke of Tuscany. In this remarkable piece, in which the rule goes before the example, GLUCK points out all the faults of the musical and poetical composition of the Italian opera and unfolds his system, which he founds upon the principle of lyric-dramatic truth, whose application he extends to all parts of the opera, which he binds strictly together, exterminating all accessory ornaments as superfluous, substituting accurate expression of the words for forms introduced in the interests of routine and of the singers, ordering the movement of the music by the action, and making the poet in everything the indispensable counsellor and inseparable guide of the musician. These maxims, to which GLUCK's scores furnish the best commentary and at this day the best criticism upon whatever there may be extravagant in them, contained nothing but the principles of the French composers. The distinction between them and GLUCK however, consists in this, that they entirely lost sight of their end in the means of execution and that GLUCK was not the man to be deceived in that way. The followers of LULLI very honestly imagined, that they only needed to imitate materially the inflexion and the shades of the voice, which characterize such and such passions in every day life. When they had let rage, remorse and revenge howl, when they had indicated such moods as despondency, sorrow and lamentation by smothered tones, they fancied they had done all, and no one thought of the melodic sense or nonsense which might result from the putting together of their hollow-ringing and shrieking notes; the selections of chords troubled them about as little, provided they were always full and noisy. Moreover they had remarked that the passions in reality announce themselves not only by the motion, but also by the higher or lower tones of the voice; that some express themselves rapidly, others slowly, and that as a general rule in speaking we do not follow a definite rhythm. Hence they thought it clearly followed, that, if they changed the movement and the measure with every word, and made the rhythm so irregular, as to disturb every impression and cause all sense of unity to vanish from the music, they attained the highest possible degree of truth. In this way the French composers drew their conclusions, owing to the false theory of their time, which placed music in the category of the so-called imitative

arts; and it was this that made it, leaving execution out of the question, so intolerable to foreigners.

To declare that a musician like GLUCK could not have made such wretched mistakes, would still be no great compliment for him. GLUCK, not only understood the true, more various and more powerful declamation better than all the musicians before him; he also knew, that the chief effects and the most essential significance of music lay in its own proper elements, and that therefore, to found musical tragedy, it was not enough to perfect the Recitative and measured declamation, the only kind of song, which admits of a free and almost ideal intonation of the speaking voice; but that there was need, especially, of arias, choruses and concerted pieces, whose dramatic expression is brought out by means of melody, accords and rhythm—things, which have absolutely no material resemblance with speech.

If we consult a comparative view of the musical statistics of Europe from the time when GLUCK projected his plan, we shall easily convince ourselves that France was the only land which could and would receive it. Italy would have put its originator under ban as a heresiarch, the public would have made merry at his expense, and the singers would have treated him very much as the Bacchantes did the hero of his Vienna opera, the *Orfeo*. Germany, which in the opera was still tributary to Italy, Hasse's Germany, would have been quite as backward about recognizing GLUCK as it was twenty years afterwards about understanding MOZART. France on the contrary, was entirely ready to receive the new lyric-dramatic code which was nothing but the completion and perfection of its own. The reigning masters of its royal academy, the numerous battalions of its orchestra, its singers, its chorists and its dancers, the pens of its poets, seemed only to be waiting for a musician. GLUCK came and accomplished that, of which the Florentines had dreamed; he solved the great problem of lyric tragedy, so far as it was possible. Imagine with what enthusiasm and with what intoxication a people, for whom dramatic excitements formed the highest mental satisfaction, welcomed the reality of a musical drama, after already worshipping its shadow in the shapeless productions of their native composers. The national party, far from disquieting themselves about the triumphs of a foreigner, spontaneously re-

cognized him as their interpreter and their head:—a proof that GLUCK had thoroughly understood how to seize the thought and taste of the nation; the thought, which they had well comprehended, without being able to realize it; the taste, which accepted alternation, because it promised them a new enjoyment. This was an immense success, unheard of in the annals of the theatre, which rose even to illusion and to madness when the learned world saw that Racine's tragedies were mercilessly cut to pieces to make operas of them, that *Iphigenia* had already fallen under the shears of an arranger, which went to work a thousand times more savagely than Calchas's steel, it raised a shriek of dissatisfaction and of terror. Laharpe already was alarmed lest all the gods of the French Parnassus, flung together in a hecatomb, were to be slaughtered on the altars of the German idol. Laharpe turned Piccinist, as men once turned monks, to testify to their abhorrence for the abominations of the time. And who were they who lavished their almost frantic applause on a composer, whose innovations the musical nations had rejected as assaults upon the sovereign orthodoxy of the Italian opera? They were the mass of the French public, the most ignorant and barbarous of men, genuine Beotians, musically speaking! And GLUCK's opponents, the Piccinists, who were they? The music-lovers of the great world, young musicians, the hope of the country, literati, who give the tone. J. J. Rousseau, theorist and composer, Grimm, the pearl of dilettantists, Laharpe, Marmontel; it was the elite of Parisian society, who strengthened that crowd of foreigners belonging to the higher classes, which incessantly, in an ever constant mass attaches itself to the Parisian population. This whole world of connoisseurs were without exception Piccinists. The Beotians on the contrary declared themselves unanimously for GLUCK.

To-day, now that seventy years of musical and other revolutions have passed over this celebrated dispute, which drew all France and Europe into the war between two musicians, what shall posterity think, and what report of it? Were we to keep in view the music only, we could not comprehend that any difference of opinion could here prevail. If any one should now, with spectacles on nose, place the belligerent scores upon the table before him, and with his head full of the present music, he would ask if it were true, if it were credible, if it were possible that the scales could have wavered between two men like GLUCK and PICCINI as tragic composers! Can he comprehend how, between two men, of whom one was something only because he was esteemed the rival of the other, the ignorant could have judged like connoisseurs, and the connoisseurs like ignorant ones! The only possible comparison between these two men he will say, is this: that GLUCK was the father of the lyric tragedy, and PICCINI the father of the buffo opera, of which I am heartily fond, and of which the *Cecchina* or the "Good Daughter" presents itself to me as the first complete pattern.

But the whole wonder of this paradoxical fact vanishes upon examination. Although the ignorant crowd gave GLUCK the preference, still it continued what it was, ignorant, incapable of judging music outside the theatre, and deaf to beauty as to the most repulsive faults in execution; but we have already said that in this crowd

eager for dramatic excitements, the piece and the artists found about as many enlightened judges, as the hall held men. GLUCK's declamation carried lyric-dramatic effect as far as it was possible; the singers, whose musical sense only needed a composer, to become quickened, must have entered more into the spirit of their parts; they sang, or if you will, *screamed*, with more soul and energy; they became better tragedians, in surrendering themselves to the wholly new impressions (for them) of a fiery, swift, impassioned, infinitely true and inspiring music, in which looks, gestures and attitudes seemed to grow together with the notes. That was what charmed the public. On the other hand, these works also considerably favored the musical education of the French, for which the comic opera had already laid the basis. The grand and yet so simple thoughts of GLUCK, his melodies so solemn, his harmony so enchainning and yet so natural, found entrance to French ears, although they were of horn, according to the Italian saying; they found the speedier entrance, that GLUCK's style is not difficult to understand. For the first time that people, so obstinately wedded to his opera, learned that music is an enjoyment of itself, one of the liveliest, in truth. What distinctions, what signs of approbation were sufficient for the man, who had endowed them with a new sense! The multitude judged instinctively and did not err, which would infallibly have been the case, even if they had had to follow the flight of a HANDEL or a MOZART. But GLUCK knew the measure of their powers and contented himself with restoring the drama with energy, nobility and truth, without pretending to raise it to a poetic power above the poetry of words.

The lovers of music, who judged not as knowers, but as half-knowers, preferred PICCINI upon grounds, which commonly decide a man's contemporaries; upon the same grounds, which long since allowed the music of this master to fall into oblivion, and which have kept GLUCK's music living to this day. The Italian composer gave melodies for execution, which were more involved, more brilliant in their novelty, and which for fifty years moulded the fashionable taste of Europe. GLUCK on the other hand avoided just these forms, because they were not suited to his psychological inductions, or to that striving for the True, which led him constantly in all his labors. To the dilettanti he appeared less pleasing, less adapted to the times. Thus do the men of an epoch, or the representatives of a momentary taste, always reason about the men who are of all times.

Gluckists and Piccinists still always live and fight under other names, like the systems which they represent. Each has the right to live; a continuation of the strife, however, would be profitless, because there are means of coming to a mutual understanding. Both systems correspond to wants too different for them to exclude one another or only live in mutual competition. If one is equally fond of theatre and music, and takes pleasure in forgetting the singer in the person, he will hear GLUCK and his legitimate successors, MEHUL, CHERUBINI, SPONTINI, WEBER and even MEYERBEER in his fine moments. In their school, Rome and Greece, the East of the patriarchs and the West of the enchanters, Achilles and Licinius, Joseph and Simeon, Max and Agatha, will speak to one's soul, like the spirit of

the poetic age of the world and the spirit of the marvellous Saga; there is enough therein to engage all that one has of feeling and imagination, of dramatic intelligence and musical passion; and that is an enjoyment. But look for nothing in an *opera seria*, which bears the reproach of a ten-dollar libretto, and is not worthy even of that. On the other hand it has to bring out singers, who are paid eighty thousand francs, but who would not get a quarter of this sum, if they limited their vocal achievements to what the truth of a situation or a character requires; singers too, whose talent (we confess) is such, that one forgets the person and the piece entirely in the singer, and would be very indignant at the theatrical illusion, if it dared to interpose itself between the artist and the public. But to be able to hear singers, who have reached the summit of the mechanical and aesthetic perfection of their art, is also an enjoyment and indeed so great an enjoyment, that there is none for which we pay more fondly and more dearly. Of these two enjoyments one can prefer the one or the other from taste or from principle; but it is my opinion, we may love them both and enjoy them by turns, without one injuring the other.

I have dwelt upon GLUCK, and truly for good reasons. There were musicians of greater genius, but no one, I believe, whose works could have been more useful for the future. He is the founder of the sublime theatre music and the first, who has left us monuments of dramatic opera in his scores. All the forms of declamation and accompaniment, which he has created, still glimmer through the most sterling operas of our period, and time has held his operas in such esteem, that we may look upon him merely as the older brother among his scholars of the nineteenth century.

[To be continued.]

A Visit to Mendelssohn.

By H. F. CHORLEY.

(Concluded from p. 116.)

The second day of our stay at Interlachen was cloudy, with occasional torrents of rain: all the mountains were "straitly shut up." Mendelssohn spent nearly the whole day with us; indeed, I never was near him without being reminded of what we are told of Sir Walter Scott, that he was as lavish of good will and time in the entertainment of his friends as if he had had no other earthly thing to do. When and how he managed to write were not easy to discover.

He spoke again of Fribourg; and, for half-an-hour, relented, and would go there with us; and then, when he relapsed into his less enterprising resolution, he offered us, instead, some playing on a poor little organ that very day. He had stumbled upon a solitary village on the Lake of Brienz, to which there was no proper road, he had found the church door open, and the organ open, and nobody "to prevent him," and had been up there to play once or twice. The beauty and loneliness of the place, and the easy access to the instrument, had taken strong hold of his imagination. He would take us there that afternoon, and make a little music for us. It was a gray, sullen, cold day, with passing showers, making an awning necessary for the boat, for by boat only could we get to Ringgenberg. There is something curiously secluded and quiet in the aspect of its little gray church, which stands on a knoll close to the lake, and is approached by rude steps carpeted with maiden hair and moss, and the small-leaved clinging ivy. That day, too, as before, the church door chanced to be open, and the organ was accessible. It is the work of a Vallaisan maker, "not super-excellent in tone,"

it may be supposed; but its pretty, gay-looking case nevertheless gives a certain air of splendor and a fascination to that remote place of peasant-worship. A peasant boy was presently found willing, for a few *batzen*, to blow the bellows as long as Mendelssohn liked; and he sat down, I have since learned, for the last time that he ever sat down to an organ, for the pleasure of his three auditors. It seems to me now as if he never could have played more nobly. After one or two movements by Sebastian Bach, he began an improvisation in C minor, which took the canonical form of a prelude and fugue; his fancy kindling as he went on, and his face lit up by that serene and elevated smile, the highest and most beautiful of its many expressions, which all who knew him must remember, while he drew forth those long and rich chains of sound which "bring all heaven before the eyes," as old Milton sang.

I feel, when I think of this organ playing, as if I had taken leave of the greatest music forever; since, in that exercise of his art, the amount of science he would bring was animated by a radiant fancy, often dispensed with on like occasions; the want of which is supposed to be disguised by the glory of the sound, and the skilful intertexture of the parts. More perfectly, every genial sympathy, every sense of calm practical approval, could not be gratified. There was the true, gracious, gifted man, old in experience, but young in the quickness of his sensibilities, to be heard; that day, it seems to me, more remarkably than ever. He was giving and receiving pleasure without parade; and from a store which had never been fuller of the highest thoughts and the richest fancies. Such things must come to an end; but they are never to be forgotten.

In the evening, chance brought the conversation on the ground of Italian music. He spoke again, in warm terms of admiration, of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*; and, to my surprise, with a good-natured cordiality, of Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment*. "It is so merry," he said, "with so much of the real soldier's life in it. They call it bad; and to be sure," he continued with a half humorous tone of self-correction, "it is surprising how easily one can become used to bad music." Then he began to ask about Verdi, having heard that there was something like a new effect in some of his finales; and he would have this described, and shown to him, as well as could be done. He expressed a wish, too, to hear Handel's organ concertos properly played; speaking about them doubtfully, and with hesitation, because of the frivolous and old-fashioned passages for solo stops, with which they were full, talked eagerly of the grand opera at Paris, as of a theatre for which one day he might be asked to write (I almost think that some negotiations had passed on the subject), and referred to his sojourn in Rome, as one which had been full of the highest and most important influences upon his career. It was *apropos* of Rome, that some one mentioned Shelley's "Cenci," which had been given to him by one of his English friends. He spoke of it with almost angry dislike. "No; it is too horrible, it is abominable. I cannot admire such a poem."

The next morning, Mendelssohn drove with us to Lauterbrunnen. The view of the Jungfrau and the Silberhorn was superb as we went up the valley. Nor can ever have the fall of the Staubbach looked more magical than it did in the bright light of that late summer day, its waters gleaming like a shower of rockets launched over the edge of the high cliff, their expended fires spreading and mingling as they fell and faded. Almost my last distinct remembrance of Mendelssohn is seeing him standing within the arch of the rainbow, which, as every reader of "Manfred" knows, the witch of the Alps flings round the feet of the cascade, looking upward, rapt and serious, thoroughly enjoying the scene. My very last sight is the sight of him turning down the road to wend back to Interlachen alone, while we turned up to cross the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald. I thought even then, as I followed his figure, looking none the younger for the loose dark coat and the wide-brimmed straw hat bound

with black crape which he wore, that he was too much depressed and worn, and walked too heavily. But who could have dreamed that his days on earth were so rapidly drawing to a close?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letter from the White Mountains.

GLEN HOUSE, JUNE, 1854.

DEAR DWIGHT:—This rainy day is welcome. For it makes a pause in the delightful toil of travel, and enables me to gather up the bright threads of experience and twist them into a line, that I intend to let down from my mountain height, in hope of alluring some metropolitan eyes. The ride hither, by the way, through Pinkham Notch, is picturesque enough. We were thrust, Elve and I, into a covered wagon, which our chance companions made a Hades of profanity, low breeding, and dissonant speech. But heaven was outside, though in mourning; the mountain brooks bubbling and dashing across the road; Glen Ellis Falls dim sounding through the wood, and the mountains rising on either side shrouded in mist. The road continues execrable, while the State agents are contemplating repairs. But just at the worst part of it, and the wildest contrast of ragged rock and mud-hole, Peabody river leaps in by the side of the road, and races with the team. Winning an easy victory, it plunges away into the thickets that skirt Mount Washington, and, the jolt being over, Thompson has left us at the door.

Now, in the quiet of this rainy day, a memorable ascent of Mt. Washington from the other side takes form after the following manner. The tide of summer travel is just rising in this quarter. Gibb, the gaunt and gracious landlord of the Crawford House, held under his convenient roof a notable company. They had gathered during a succession of dubious days, and awaited a fine one for the ascent. The air is chill outside, but there is a roaring wood fire on the hearth.

"Heap logs and let the blaze laugh out."

Copies of the poets are on the parlor table. As we read,

..... "the oozing sap will make
Sweet music to our thinking."

The old world, as well as the new, is largely and finely represented in our company, so conversation is more original than is usual. Erin is fresh from Mammoth Cave, and he turns it inside out with its rivers, galleries, and mysterious chambers, and makes them shine in the spar of his glittering speech. Halo talks of the Alps, and Weirsdann recalls with earnest faith wild legends of the Hartz. Two half tamed young bears, seen from the window, climb trees, scramble for bread, and stand on their hind legs for milk and the amusement of the curious. The old man who comes in with wood to replenish the fire, and wears his spectacles on his hat, makes an eddy in the current of our talk. So the day and evening wear away.

The former days have only bent over the mountains, and glimmered dimly through the rain, but now Saturday shows signs of breaking. Good. Elve, Ridge, Halo, Spatterdash, Erin, Sapling the Virginian, Weirsdann, Dame Trot and Quixote, nine of us, besides two guides, a mounted party, wind up the leafy Clinton. From the real history of this mountain forest and the thousands who have threaded its paths, might be woven a romance as poetic as the Forest of

Arden, which Shakspeare has made immortal. The first rule in these mountain ascents is to trust your animal. Two miles or so out of the nine will suffice to fortify your confidence. For in climbing the rocky, ragged steep, and edging the precipitous cliff, you find him patient and persistent as a mule, and safe as a chamois. The gust that blows his tail horizontal—blinding mist and pelting rain—are all one to him, and you gradually acquire a kind of centaur feeling, the equine being the intelligent part, that takes you safely to the summit.

The mountains lift their heads into the sky as if they strove to follow the receding and magnetic fingers of the Creator. Attention to the horse, and abstract thinking may now occupy the mind, undisturbed by any scope of scenery, for the mist descends and nothing is seen.

Elve, who rides near me, smiles inwardly, as if she knew all this before, and saw through it then. Nothing else is seen, nothing heard but the occasional voice of the guide, the sharp clatter of hoofs, and the flutter of the passing gust. Still up and onward. The mist clears a little on Mt. Pleasant. We desecrate Quixote apart from the rest, with folded arms, steeped in reverie, and letting his horse take the old path over the mountain, while we pass around it. Dame Trot's animal is tempted by a tuft of grass. She looks beyond his nose into a valley two thousand feet below, and screams. "Yank him up," calls the guide. Then we file onward. The mist comes blinding over us all again. Halo is smothered. Spatterdash invisible. Elve, merry-faced, with wide blue eyes, was lightly tossed and trotted along sublime ridges, roofed and flanked by immeasurable gulfs of mist. Her steed was safe and swift under the power of her volatile magnetism. Out of the mist and into the mist she flew, and left a vision of airy grace, and a sound of fairy laughter. What is her laugh like? It has a note of a bird, a touch of the waterfall, is full of surprising turns, never in cadence, but always playing, ascending, and vanishing at last upward, like sunset from a mountain peak.

So far on this wild journey, when, on Mt. Munroe, the mists rolled apart, gathered into clouds, and stood in weird and awful shapes upon the adjacent summits, as if they were the gods of the valleys; and the heart bowed before them as we passed. Up into clear weather, up to the highest habitation in North America, a long low rock-built hut, under the lee of which the troop of horse is gathered, while we mount the roof, and let our sight fly clear out over the vast sea of mountains, over lakes and plains, and mountains still beyond, until it rests, looking towards the south, on a faint blue line of the infinite horizon. That is the sea. When the mind has travelled over the vast circumference of that ultimate ring, and can gather in its vision for nearer objects, we see Kearsarge, fresh from recent rains, rising, a clear cone, above the lovely Conway valley, and shining in the golden light like a mountain of jewel.

Upon this sublime vantage ground, it does not require an imagination so potent as the Greek, to conceive of the earth as an animal. The jointed range of mountains over which we have passed, heaving their huge backs towards the heavens, culminating in Washington, and then sloping by the keen peak of Jefferson and the long ridge of Adams on the other side, seems possessed of

personal and continuous life. Some such feeling prompted Elve to say, while I was silently musing: "Look at that mountain. See the velvet shadows creeping lengthwise over its side, alternating with stripes of brown. Why, it looks like a tiger!" Longfellow's remarkable line, which she had never read, came into my mind:

"Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide stretches the plain."

How in the silent memory the valleys deepen, and the mountains rise! What grand cloud shapes, what flying scud and gliding shadow! What breadths of sunshine! How the whole scene bows and lifts and strengthens the heart!

Three hours have slipped away here, so near to heaven. We muster and descend. The way was full of pictures. New groupings of mountain and valley and horsemen; new traits of manner in the party. The Virginian was our completest centaur. His black eyes and tanned hands, and suppleness of power seemed of the nature of the black mare he rode on, sublimated into man. He was famous for short cuts, scorning the safe circuit, and coming down precipices like a hippogriff. Once I looked back and saw the black mare waltzing on a large rock just above my head. He rode all ways, lying over the horse's mane, so that we saw nothing of him but his legs; then backwards, conversing with us over the animal's tail; all along, like Mazeppa; and over the roughest parts of the descent, sideways as if on the seat of an omnibus, and without touching mane or bridle, and always with the jolliest unconcern.

Look back. A rainbow spans the ridge between Munroe and Pleasant. We fare onward and downward. We become aware of a vast cloud which has risen behind us quite across the sky. It shuts down over the west like an eyelid, and seems full of tears. They fall and glisten on Spatterdash's yellow beard, and sprinkle us all. We are descending Clinton, the liquor flasks are empty, and the guides communicative. "There's some rough places, going up," says one, "if a lady's anything of a scarecrow!" "Why, that boss," slapping her haunch in patronage, "carried up a woman that weighed two hundred and twenty-five, and he slung her up the mountain just as easy, by gorry, as a gig." We arrive after an absence of ten hours, three of which were passed on the summit, and live the experience of a memorable and delightful day. Quite enough, dear Dwight, for your readers. I'll tell the rest in your ear after the Fourth.

MOT.

Miss Arabella Goddard.

The London *Musical World* has the following account of this distinguished young English pianist.

The annual concert of Miss Arabella Goddard was, as usual, an event of considerable interest to the lovers of the highest order of pianoforte playing. This young and remarkable artist has, in a short space of time, earned a name for herself which entitles her to rank by the side of the first pianists. She has won it, too, nobly, without sacrificing her art to that mere love of display which too often distinguishes the *virtuosi* of her age, and more especially of her sex. Miss Goddard has studied the works of the greatest masters with untiring zeal and assiduity, and though not yet nineteen, possesses an acquaintance with the finest music for the piano-forte, from the writings

of Bach and Handel down to those of Weber and Mendelssohn, which few even of the most experienced and renowned piano-forte players can boast. Two or three years ago, before she had directed her attention to music of a higher and severer style, Miss Goddard, by her brilliant performances in public of the *fantasias* of Thalberg, Chopin, Döhler, Liszt, Prudent, De Meyer, etc., had proved herself a mistress of all the difficulties of the modern school of execution. She may, therefore, at the present time, be regarded as a thoroughly accomplished pianist, in the fullest acceptance of the term. She can play with equal ease and with equal intelligence the lessons, fugues, suites, etc. of Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel, the sonatas and other solo compositions of Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Woelfl, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, and Heller, the concertos, duets, trios, quartets, quintets, etc., of Mozart, Dussek, Moscheles, Hummel, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett, the *fantasias* and such like *ad captandum* pieces of the most celebrated writers, from Henri Herz to Emile Prudent, and the studies of all the eminent pianists who have devoted their talents to this useful branch of composition, from John Cramer, Seibtel, and Clementi, to Kessler, Chopin, Ferdinand Hiller, Liszt, and Sterndale Bennett. Such an extensive *répertoire* of pieces of various kinds, all of which Miss Goddard has at ready command, is almost without precedent, and in one so young, unprecedented. How she can play these things, it is unnecessary to insist on here, since those who have heard her can themselves testify to her ability; and luckily they are very many. Miss Goddard is already an ornament to her profession, and, if she goes on progressing and perfecting herself in the music of the great masters, which is the music of her predilection, this country has every chance of being possessed of an artist-executant second to none in Europe.

Miss Arabella Goddard's early studies were pursued under the direction of the late Kalkbrenner (the master also of Mme. Pleyel), whose plan of forming the hand and general system of elementary instruction were admirable and unrivalled, and to whose advice and tutelage must be attributed that singularly perfect mechanism for which her playing is distinguished. Later, she went through a course of instruction in the modern school of execution, under M. Thalberg, who taught her to play his own *fantasias*, and those of other masters, almost as well as himself. These advantages were not lost upon Miss Goddard. The rest is due entirely to herself. Having mastered all the mechanical difficulties of the instrument, and all the graces and elaborations of the modern *bravura* and "romantic" schools, she set to work, with no less ardor, on a task still more congenial to her taste, and studied the music of the great composers, ancient and modern, with an earnestness of purpose and an unremitting attention, which, in an incredibly short space of time, made her completely mistress of almost all the important compositions that have been written for her instrument, whether in conjunction with the orchestra or independent of it, with or without the accompaniments of other instruments—all the best music, in short, of the concert-room and of the chamber. For this invaluable acquisition to her accomplishments she is indebted wholly to her own commendable perseverance, and to an inherent love for her art, combined with a strong apprehension of the beautiful, which is one of the highest gifts of the Creator. To the great and good, pure, unselfish, noble, and unadulterated music of the glorious and single-minded Kings of Harmony, Miss Arabella Goddard, it is true, came prepared with all the manual dexterity which was indispensable, in order to grasp and subdue the immense and original difficulties they must have presented to one who had been tutored in so opposite a school; and the extraordinary ease and rapidity with which she was enabled to conquer her new *répertoire* in all its variety and extent, to add sonata after sonata, concerto after concerto, fugue after fugue, not to individualize further, to her store of musical wealth, must, in a great degree, be attributed to this; and for this she can never be sufficiently

grateful to her masters, Kalkbrenner and M. Thalberg; while they, on the other hand, would have reason to be proud of one who has put to such excellent and legitimate uses their early guidance and advice. But, beyond this, her own good sense and intelligence, an indomitable will, a power of concentrating her mind on one principal pursuit, and a secret determination to perfect her talent, do homage to her art, and earn an honorable name, have been the sole and exclusive means of helping Miss Goddard to the position she now occupies; and for these and the qualities elsewhere enumerated, which, at the age of nineteen, have enabled her to rank with the first living professors of the instrument upon which she excels, she is only indebted to the source whence all such inestimable endowments spring. That she will prove they have not been unworthily bestowed is our entire conviction.

Miss Goddard may be said to have made her *début* before the English public as a classical pianist of the first pretensions about a year ago, when she played the great sonata of Beethoven, Op. 106, the largest, grandest, and most intricate composition of the master, at one of the concerts of the Quartet Association. The impression made on that occasion will not have been forgotten. Since then she has steadily advanced, and every one of her public performances has testified to the progress she is making in the higher and more intellectual attributes of an artist. She has risen rapidly in the estimation of the public, and while there is no one more gifted, it may be said, with equal truth, that no one is more generally popular. Her name is a sure attraction in a concert-room, and her performances never fail to satisfy expectation, and to prove that her attraction was legitimate. At her concert on Wednesday, which brought a crowded and brilliant audience to the Hanover Square Rooms, among whom were many of the most eminent pianists, foreign and native, resident in this country, the same good taste that has hitherto characterized Miss Goddard's programmes, was evinced in the selection, which was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony (Jupiter).....Mozart.
Song—*Una furtiva lagrima*.....Donizetti.
Concerto in G major—Piano-forte.....Beethoven.
Song—*Adieu*.....Mozart.
Overture (Wood Nymphs).....W. S. Bennett.

PART II.

Serenade—Piano-forte.....Mendelssohn.
Aria—*Dalla sua pace*.....Mozart.
Song—*Song of Night*.....Mendelssohn.
Solos—*La Fontaine*, Etude, Nocturne in F minor
—*Perles d'éclat* Fantaisie étude.....Mayer, Chopin and Kullak.
Song—*Adelaide*.....Beethoven.
Overture (Alpheus).....E. Aguilar.
Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Western Correspondence.

CHICAGO, July 10, 1854.

Mr. Editor:—Since leaving Boston I have been travelling from place to place, until I have now reached Chicago. I have been making it my business to become acquainted with all the musical professors, and those interested in music, and to inquire into the real wants of the musical people in the great West. I visit the seminaries, the schools, libraries, music stores, publishing houses, periodical depots, &c. I arrived in Pittsburg on the "glorious Fourth." There are many musical people in this city, besides several music stores; among others I called upon Mr. J. H. Mellor, whose acquaintance I was very happy to make; he has a fine store and a large stock of music, and Boston pianos, for which he finds a ready sale. Messrs. Chickering's, and Woodward and Brown's instruments are very popular in Pittsburg, and are highly spoken of by all musicians. There is also Mr. Kleber, who is an enterprising man and a fine musician. He has a large store and is driving a good business. Music seems to be in a very flourishing condition and there are many thorough musicians and good teachers here, who understand their business. They are engaged in introducing

a style of music which will have a tendency to develop a classical taste among their many pupils.

In the evening of the fifth I took the cars and arrived at Cincinnati the next morning at eight o'clock. This is one of the finest cities I have visited, and is also very musical. I called upon all the music dealers and found them quite busy. The largest and most extensive house in our line is that of Messrs. Colburn and Fields; both of these gentlemen are men of business; they are ambitious and possess large ideas, besides being quite musical practically. I had the pleasure of meeting at their store Mr. A. W. Wetherbee, well known I believe by our Bostonians. This gentleman finished his musical education at the Academy of Music in London. I found him to be a lively and energetic gentleman and a scholar—thoroughly booked up on all musical matters; as a musician he stands very high in the estimation of the citizens of this place.

I was invited by Messrs. Colburn and Fields, in company with Mr. Wetherbee, to call upon our German friend Mr. Ross, who resides upon the Mountain. We took an omnibus at 5 P. M., and arrived at the desired spot about 6. Here we found it cool and comfortable. Mr. R. is finely situated, and from his place we were favored with a delightful view of the surrounding country. Our friend brought on several bottles of very nice wine, called "Catawba," which he manufactured from the grape of his own vineyard, in the midst of which we were seated. I really found the Catawba to be equal if not superior to anything of the kind I ever allowed myself to drink. It was cooling and invigorating, and with the *Schweitzer Käse und Brod*, we enjoyed a real German "sit down." This reminded me of days gone by. After passing about two hours with friend Ross, we visited the Mercantile Library Association, which is certainly one of the most interesting and useful institutions I have ever visited. It is in one of the handsomest buildings in Cincinnati and is fitted up with beautiful taste. Nearly every journal and periodical of every description, published in the United States, is found on file for the benefit of the members of the institution and all persons who may be invited in. I was sorry not to find "Dwight's Journal of Music," there. As Messrs. Colburn and Fields are the agents for it, I hope they will not fail to endeavor to induce the association to subscribe for it; because if music dealers do not interest themselves in circulating the music journals, who will? We (music-dealers &c.) receive more benefit, in one point of view, from a large circulation of musical papers, than the editors and publishers. They tend to cultivate the taste for music, which of course increases the sale of our musical publications; consequently we should prevail upon our friends to subscribe for all the musical journals. Indeed it is their duty not to neglect such important opportunities of informing themselves of what is going on in the musical world. Every father and mother should give their children an opportunity of learning music in some one of its branches; and what can there be more interesting or instructive than a journal which devotes itself to that divine Art?

I left Cincinnati on the seventh and arrived at this place on the eighth. Chicago is one of the most charming cities in the country. Its population is sixty thousand, and it supports several music and piano-forte stores. Most of the pianos sold at this place are made by the Messrs. Chickering, Gilbert, Hallet and Davis, Woodward and Brown, and W. P. Emerson. Messrs. Reed and Wilkins have very extensive rooms and are doing a splendid business. Mould and Greene are the principal music dealers; they also sell immense quantities of piano-fortes. They are both men of

much energy, and are determined to keep a good stock of the first class music, and it is the large and choice stock they keep always on hand that gives them the popularity they enjoy. Success to them in their great enterprise!

Sincerely Yours, MODERN.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand Opera, Mlle. Sophie Cravelli has been playing in *La Vestale* and *Les Huguenots*. As usual, she was immensely applauded. It is stated by *La France Musicale*, that Mlle. Cravelli leaves again for London on the 1st of July. After a tour in England she will return by the 1st of October, and immediately begin studying her part in the new grand five-act opera of MM. Scribe and Verdi. The rehearsals of M. Gounod's *Nonne Sanglante* are pursued with great activity. M. Roger, the tenor, has cancelled his engagement. He is now in Germany. Mme. Tedesco's engagement expired on the 25th of June. Report says that this lady has had the most fabulous offers, for next season, from the management of the Opera House at St. Petersburg. The programme of the Opera Comique is still the same, and will, in all probability, remain so for a lengthened period—*L'Etoile du Nord* and *La Fiancée du Diable* forming the attraction on alternate nights. Rehearsals are going on, however, for the new opera of the Prince de la Moscowa, as well as for that of M. Duprato.

M. Georges Bousquet has succumbed to a long and painful illness. He was well known as the author of *Tabarin*, and had a new three-act opera ready for the Théâtre-Lyrique at the moment of his decease. He was the musical critic for the French paper called *L'Illustration*, and at one time *chef-d'orchestre* at the Italiens. M. Bousquet was buried on Saturday, at Saint-Vincent-de-Paul. In the musical part of the funeral ceremony the orchestra was conducted by M. Tilmant, and the chorus was under the direction of M. Batiste. MM. Lefebvre-Wély and Cavallo officiated at the organ.

July 1. The Grand Opera is closed for six weeks.

At the Opera Comique, the first representation of M. Duprato's new one-act opera is promised for Friday, the 30th. *La Fiancée du Diable* is still favorably received. M. Perrin has renewed the engagement of Mlle. Caroline Duprez. The one-act opera by M. Duprez, *Jelotte*, first played at the composer's private theatre, in the Rue Turgot, has been accepted by the management of the Opera Comique, and will, according to report, be put in rehearsal after the production of the opera written by the Prince de la Moscowa.

In virtue of an Imperial decree, the theatres of Paris *non-subsistentiels*, the theatres of the departments, and the dramatic censorship, have been taken from the direction of the Minister of the Interior and placed under that of the Minister of State. The engagement of Mme. Ugéle at the Grand Opera expired on the 25th ult.

M. Edouard Batiste, professor at the Imperial Conservatory of Music, and organist of the church of St. Nicolas-des-Champs, has been appointed organist at St. Eustache.—The *Société Sainte-Cécile* held, last week, its yearly general meeting. After the reading of the report, which confirmed the fresh progress made by the Society, the meeting proceeded to re-elect its committee and a conductor, in the place of M. Seghers, who has resigned. M. Barbereau, formerly *chef-d'orchestre* at the Italian Opera, was unanimously appointed to the vacant post. M. Wekerlin will continue to direct the vocal department.

Germany.

VIENNA.—Donizetti's opera, *Der Liebestrank* (*L'Elisir d'Amore*) has been given for the benefit of Mme. Borghini-Mamo, who played Adine, but was not very successful, as the part is by no means suited to her. As much may be said of Herr Naudin in Memorino. Herr Scalese was Dulcamara, and Herr Everardi, the Sergeant. Herr Eckert conducted. On the whole, the performance was anything but satisfactory. It is expected that the season of German opera will commence with Doledieu's *Weisse Frau* (*La Dame Blanche*).

There has been nothing lately in the way of concerts. Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and her husband have gone to the baths of Ischl, where they think of passing the summer. The "Nightingale" has again determined to retire from public life—for some time, at least. Herr Leopold von Meyer has received a brilliant offer from America: 60,000 dollars for one year, exclusive of travelling and other expenses (!) For this he is required to play only two pieces a night.

BERLIN.—The only subject of importance at the Royal Opera House, is the continued success of Fräulein Ney, (in the parts of Donna Anna, the Vestal, &c.) She appeared on Wednesday, the 29th, as Frau Fluth, (Mrs. Ford), in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*, and this evening she concludes her engagement by a repetition of *Norma*. The season will shortly be brought to a close with *Masaniello*, and the theatre will remain shut until the 24th of August.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The season commenced with Flotow's *Martha*, which was favorably received.—The

manuscript works left by the late Schneider, *Hoffmannmeister* at Dessau, comprise one hundred and fifty-two compositions, including thirteen oratorios, eleven masses, forty-seven psalms, seven operas, five *Festspiele* (pieces for festivals), eight overtures, seven symphonies, etc.

COLOGNE.—The members of the *Männergesangsverein* returned on the 6th from England. They were welcomed by their friends at a place called Königsdorf, several miles from Cologne. The proceeds of the twenty-three concerts given by them in the space of twenty-nine days amount to 45,000 thalers, of which 8,000 are devoted to the building fund of the Cathedral.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller is engaged on a new comic opera, the libretto of which is by Herr Rodarick Benedix.

FRANKFURT-ON-THAINE.—The members of Rühl's *Gesangsverein* have performed Sebastian Bach's *Passion*, according to the Gospel of St. John.—The theatre was so badly attended during the "starring" engagement of Herr Steger, that the well-known tenor left without playing the number of times previously agreed on.

MÜNICH.—*Benvenuto Cellini*, of Hector Berlioz, is to be produced here this summer, under the direction of the composer. *L'Etoile du Nord* will shortly be brought out, with Fräulein Schwarzbach as Catherine.

Italy.

MODENA.—Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* has been played several times with extraordinary success. The company is good, and the opera carefully got up. Mlle. Brambilla is applauded every night in the lesson scene: she introduces an air from Mercadante's *Eleanora*. The other singers are Mme. Berti and Signori Corsi, Galvani, Scheggi, and Didot. Verdi's *Rigoletto* is in rehearsal.

FLORENCE.—The new opera, *Rugiero*, by Sig. Cosentino, at the Teatro Alfieri, improves in spite of the libretto, which is very indifferent. Sig. Fraschini (the "tenore della maledizione" of Mr. Lumley), has been engaged for the royal theatre of Turin, to sing during the carnival of 1855-6. Madlle. Brambilla has signed an engagement for the *Pergola* at Florence, during the carnival of 1854-5.

NAPLES.—At the Teatro Reale, the new opera, *Elena di Tolosa*, is played every night; at the Nuovo theatre, Verdi's *Il Trovatore* alternates with Mercadante's *Gli Orazi e i Curiazi*. Both houses are badly attended, partly on account of the great heat, and partly the inefficiency of the companies. At the San Carlo, *Il Corsaro*, one of Verdi's early operas, is in rehearsal; the parts have been allotted to Signore De Roissi and Curvizi, and Signori Pancani and Walter. At the Teatro Nuovo, a new opera is in rehearsal, entitled *Anella di Porta Capuana*, the music by Fioravanti; the poetry by Arienzo.

VENICE.—The new opera, *Amleto*, the words and music by A. Zanardini, continues to draw good houses, and is more liked on each successive representation. The composer is a very young man, and, as a first attempt, his *Amleto* may be considered promising. The opening chorus is effective; the *largo* of the duet, for the *soprano* and tenor between Mad. Morselli and Sig. Landi, the duet for *soprano* and *basso*, by Mad. Spezzia and Sig. Coletti, are nightly much applauded. The libretto is rather dull. The composer was repeatedly called for on the first night.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 22, 1854.

WANTED, at this office, copies of No. 4 of the present volume of the Journal of Music, (April 29, 1854.)

Moore's Encyclopædia of Music.

This long announced and eagerly expected work has at last made its appearance. It lies here before us a tempting, noble looking royal octavo of a thousand pages, solid as a London book, and quite as neat and clear and elegant as regards type and paper; artistically bound in purple cloth, and cheap (only four dollars). It is one of the finest specimens of typography which have ever issued from the Boston Stereotype Foundry. The musical illustrations, too, with which its pages abound, are most invitingly set, credit for which is due to the worthy printer of our own Journal, Mr. E. L. Balch. Externally, this book challenges comparison with any American specimen of book-making, and the enterprising publishers, Messrs. J. P. Jewett and Co., have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the manner in which they have ushered so

important a work into the world.—We have begun with noticing externals; because, it having been our task and privilege to know something of the literary materials on their passage piecemeal to the press, it is but natural that now the ultimate concrete form and completion of the whole vast and miscellaneous seeming mass should claim our first attention. And now for the work itself, its aim and method and achievement.

It proposes to furnish, (so far as may be in such compact form) a complete Encyclopædia of Music: that is, a convenient book of reference for ready information upon all topics, names and persons that pertain to Music as a Science or as an Art. The subject matters are alphabetically arranged, and include explanations on all points of musical science and notation; definitions of musical terms, to the number of at least five thousand; descriptions of musical instruments of all nations, ancient and modern, with their scales; accounts of the lives and achievements of some four thousand musical composers, performers, theorists and critics; and, under one general, as well as many particular heads, an orderly synopsis of the history of Music from the first ages down to very recent times. To this we may add a pretty copious miscellany of musical curiosities, antiquities, &c., and a liberal supply of musical illustrations in notes.

This was a formidable task for any one man, certainly for an American. Achieved with any reasonable modicum of success, it could not but result in a work of great utility. And should it fail to satisfy all questions, should it on the other hand offer much which many readers hold to be superfluous, it would be no more than the common lot of all encyclopædic works, however learned, especially when compressed into the limits of one volume. Yet the author, JOHN W. MOORE, of Bellows Falls, Vermont, in his single-minded enthusiasm for the Divine Art, and curiosity about everything pertaining to it, and with the indefatigable industry of *seventeen years*, has drawn together and presented in convenient shape for reference a much greater mass of musical information than has ever before existed in any single volume, or any dozen volumes in the English language. The Germans possess musical lexicons of vaster proportions, and smaller ones perhaps more thoroughly digested. In the matter of musical biography the French work of Fétis, up to the date of its completion, is far more full and satisfactory, than a single volume like this could be. Yet even these works, the best of them, are frequently at fault, frequently return no answer or a very ambiguous answer to the student's questions. In our own language there has been absolutely nothing of this kind, save some smaller works, exclusively biographical, or exclusively technical, which appeared twenty or thirty years ago. These earlier English works have served for the alphabetical basis or nucleus of Mr. Moore's materials. But to these he has added information of more recent date, translations of important articles from the best French and German authorities, and original essays from a multitude of sources.

There is room for improvement, doubtless. We could wish that some matters had been more thoroughly digested, some points more fully treated, where they are only indicated. But this we should say also of the most learned and extended German works. No such work can be, in the

nature of the case, beyond criticism; and he who creditably carries such a labor through is worthy of respect as one who has generously exposed himself for the public good. Whatever the book may lack it certainly contains enough to make it indispensable to all teachers, students, professors and would-be intelligent lovers of music. It contains needed information upon thousands of matters, which before was inaccessible and scattered throughout the forgotten literature and journalism of this art. Let us briefly note a few good points.

Under the leading heads of musical theory and practice, such as Harmony, Thorough Bass, Scales, Mechanism of Accompaniment, Instrumentation, Notation, &c., it gives condensed and pretty satisfactory treatises, conformed to the most modern results of science. We could wish however, that in future editions, the necessary imperfection of such short treatises might be covered by references to the most important works upon each subject.

The definitions of musical terms are generally clear and philosophical. They include terms in all languages, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, German, French, &c., the language being indicated by its initial G. or I. or F., &c., after the term. A multitude of technical terms belonging to the old Greek music, as well as other obsolete matters of mere historic curiosity, and the derivatives from a principal topic, are thrown into smaller type, that in adding to the completeness of the work, they may obtrude but little upon the space due to things of fresher interest.

The musical biography is, for the most part, singularly complete, and includes notices (when ever they could be procured) of most of the living and rising celebrities. Many of the early American psalmists, &c. figure with the rest; but Mr. Moore has wisely, as we think, abstained from trenching on the delicate ground of contemporary native biography. Yet a valuable feature of his book is the long article upon Psalmody, in which mention is made in chronological order of all the numerous American contributions to this great native branch of music and of trade, with occasional biographical memoranda of some of the more active composers, compilers and teachers. Under this head the life of Lowell Mason will be found quite interesting. Billings figures, as a historical character, under his own proper head, in a pretty full biography. The grander lives, like those of Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., are given with great fulness, and include often full lists of their compositions. And some of the most recent notorieties, like Liszt and Richard Wagner, receive a good share of attention.

The history of Music is taken from the French of Choron, a clear and able *resumé* as far as the beginning of this century; since which time it may be said that the history of music is not, and cannot yet properly be, written. But the materials of the sequel to our own day are scattered all over the volume, in the lives of the more modern men.

The appearance of a work of such pretensions in our own community, may be considered in some sort as the musical event of the week; and in the absence of greater matters, has warranted our making it a leading topic. It certainly is not the least among the many signs of a rapidly growing interest in Music in this country, that there should be demand for such a work, and that it should be forthcoming.

MUSIC FOR ACADEMIC FESTIVALS.—In the music which is made to fill the pauses, and refresh the mind, between the literary or other exercises of our public festivals and celebrations of all kinds, one continually feels the want of all regard to fitness. We mean in the selection of the pieces played by the various bands on such occasions. Thus we remember on Commencement day at Harvard a year or two since, being marched off through the groves of Academus, in the grave procession of venerable seniors and gowned graduates, to the humdrum sound of the last fashionable *polka*. And the Commencement exercises on last Wednesday afforded quite as odd an incongruity. It was quite a nicely organized little orchestra, (the Germania Serenade Band, we believe,) with violins, reeds, brass, &c., that played in the church gallery opposite the stage, between the parts. But the piece before the last oration was the veriest calithumpian lodge-podge of foot-lifting drum and fife effects—a sort of Jullien tempest in a tea-pot. Music of some dignity would seem to be required on such an occasion. The only fitness we could discover, here, was that the music was suggested, possibly, by the somewhat "Young American" title of the spirited oration to which it preluded, and which was on "The reverence due from the old to the young"!

We do not suppose it was the fault of the musicians. They were artists and competent to produce true artistic music. Indeed, were not our ears suddenly refreshed at an earlier hour, as we wooed the breeze at the window of a house across the Common, by most delicious strains of one of Mendelssohn's two-part songs from the same quarter? The fault is in the low taste of the community everywhere, who do not call for better things. Or rather, the fault *was* in the taste, and *now is* in the heedlessness and thoughtlessness of those who cater in these matters, and who go by precedent and habit, rather than by serious regard to what is fitting. Where is the Harvard Musical Association, that it does not inspire its higher musical ideas and aspirations into the musical parts of Alma Mater's programme?

MR. CHORLEY, in the London *Athenæum*, noticing our story of the "Prima Donna Waltz" performance in one of the Connecticut River churches, says it can be paralleled by like abominations in the English churches. In the first days of the *Freyschütz* enthusiasm he remembers to have heard the "Hunters' Chorus" sung to the words of an Easter hymn.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The Boston correspondent of the *Musical Review* has picked up the following particulars about the composition of the orchestra, &c., of the new Theatre and Opera House, now nearly finished:

Mr. Thomas Comer, the Director of Music, has engaged a complete orchestra of about thirty members, and I run no risk in saying that it is as complete an orchestra as has ever been collected for a theatre in this country. Among the first violins is Mr. F. Suck, and his brother, just arrived from Germany, violoncello, has also been engaged. Mr. Comer was also in treaty, a few days since, with the leading contra-basso and clarinet of the Germanians, and I presume has engaged them. A leader has been secured by Mr. Barry, in England. It is also stated that Mr. Barry has secured an English opera company, of which Miss Louisa Pyne is the prima donna. He was also, at

last accounts, in treaty with Sims Reeves, but there was not much prospect of effecting an engagement. I also hear of other musical expectations for the theatre, but it would be improper to mention them. It cannot be doubted that next winter will be a decidedly musical season.

Musical Intelligence.

OPERA AT CASTLE GARDEN.—Verdi's *Loisa Miller*, one of his more recent operas, of which we chronicled the production at Paris a season or two since, was announced for Thursday night, with the full strength of the company, and Maretzek conducting. We are sorry to learn that the operas thus far have been very poorly attended.

DEATH OF SIGNOR POZZOLINI.—Mexican papers report the death by cholera of the young and interesting tenor of Mme. Sontag's troupe. He had many friends, and was intellectually and morally a superior man.

SONTAG'S FUNERAL.—The New Orleans *Picayune* translates the following from its Mexican files:

The funeral of Mme. Sontag is described as being a most magnificent ceremony. The coffin, covered by a black pall and surmounted by a large silver cross, a lyre, a wreath of heartsease and another of jasmine, was borne by the gentlemen of the German Philharmonic Society (the same who went out with so much joy and national pride to greet her on her arrival in the city), from her late residence to the church of San Fernando.

It was followed by the Santa Cecilia Society, by the artists of the two opera corps (the Sontag and the Stefani troupe), nearly all of the Mexican and foreign dilettanti, very many military and civil officers, the entire editorial corps, and an immense multitude of persons, among whom was every painter, sculptor, poet and writer of any note in the city. The entire cortege proceeded on foot, followed by a very large number of empty carriages.

The corpse was taken into the body of the church, which was completely filled with spectators, the larger number of whom were ladies, and, after the chanting of the vigil, the imposing funeral ceremonies of the Catholic church were performed. At the portal of the tomb, before the burial of the corpse, the *Liedertafel* of the German society sang the funeral farewell song. Baron Gagern read between the stanzas a German poem, and Don Pantaleon Tovar one in Spanish, and at eight o'clock, while the church bells were ringing the evening vespers, the remains of the Countess de Rossi were deposited in the Pantheon of Mexico.

ITALIAN OPERA IN MEXICO.—We see that there was an attempt to fuse the two Italian opera companies singing in the city of Mexico, after the demise of the lamented Sontag, but in vain. The combination of such an array of talent as Signore Steffanone, Fiorentini, Vietti and Costini; and Signori Marini, Salvi, Pozzolini, Bordas, Badiali, Beneventano, Specchi, Rocco and Rovere, together with Signori Bottesini, Nicco and Barili, with the joint orchestras and choruses, would have been magnificently strong, but it could not be accomplished. The Steffanone and Salvi company were still going on with their performances at the Theatre de Oriente.—*N. O. Picayune.*

APOTHEOSIS OF SONTAG.—There is to be a grand and solemn ceremony at the theatre de Santa Anna, in Mexico, on the day when a superb marble bust of the great artist, now being executed by the sculptor, Piatti, shall be placed in that theatre. All the artists of the two opera companies are to join in this tribute, and the poets and orators will pronounce eulogiums to the genius of the immortal Sontag.—*Ibid.*

GRISI COMING.—Madame Grisi has extended her engagement in London for eight additional performances, and the advertisement in the London papers of July 4th states that it is "in consequence of her anticipated departure for the United States having been deferred until the end of the present month." So, unless she should be frightened by the cholera and the sad fate of Sontag on this side of the ocean, she may be looked for in about a month.

Advertisements.

A SOPRANO SINGER.—A Young Lady desires a place as Soprano in a Quartet Choir in one of the churches in this city. A rare opportunity may be heard of by inquiring at this office. July 22.

G. ANDRÉ & CO.
FOREIGN MUSIC DEPOT,
GIRARD HOUSE BUILDINGS,
NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.
July 1

John Bunyan Still Lives! THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,
In one Picture, 24 by 39 inches, most elegantly engraved on STEEL, by Andrews, containing 280 human figures, besides all the scenes through which Christian passed, on his journey from the city of Destruction, to the Celestial City, so admirably portrayed by Bunyan. Every Christian family should have this splendid production of human genius.
TESTIMONIALS of the strongest nature, too numerous to publish, have been received by the publisher, from the most distinguished men of England and America.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.

GEO. E. SICKLES IS THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT FOR BOSTON. His rooms are at the Air. S. S. Union, No. 9, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

N. D. COTTON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

English, French, and American Stationery,
DRAWING & PAINTING MATERIALS,
No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

* * Wedding and Visiting Cards Engraved and Printed. 16 tf

VOCAL MUSIC IN CLASSES.

The undersigned proposes to give instruction to YOUNG LADIES IN CLASSES, to FAMILIES, and to INDIVIDUALS, as may be desired, in the

Elementary Principles and Practice of Vocal Music,

According to the Pestalozzian or Inductive Method.

The plan proposed will not interfere with instruction in the higher branches of VOCAL EXECUTION, STYLE, EXPRESSION, etc. nor supersede its necessity; but the great object will be, by the establishment of a systematic, well directed, and adequate elementary course, to enable pupils to read even the most difficult music with ease and fluency—and thus eminently qualify them to receive and profit by their instructions in the more advanced studies of the Art.

New classes formed whenever a sufficient number of pupils shall apply. The price of tuition will be regulated by the number of pupils in a class. Families and small classes met at their residences, if desired.

Apply between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M., at the rooms of George J. Webb & Co, No. 3 Winter St.

E. R. BLANCHARD,
Teacher of the Piano, and Vocal Music in Classes.

Residence, No. 24 West Cedar St. Boston.

References: Messrs. George J. Webb, Lowell Mason. Je 17

A. WERNER & L. J. HOFFNER,

—DEALERS IN—

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

No. 265 WASHINGTON STREET,

(CORNER OF WINTER STREET.)

PIANO-FORTES, Seraphines, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Tenors, Violoncellos, Bases, Clarinets, Flutes, Piccolos, Pipes, Accordions, Strings, Bows, etc.

We shall keep on hand a great variety of the above named instruments, and shall endeavor to give satisfaction to all purchasers, whether they desire the best and highest priced, or the cheapest instruments. Orders by letter will be carefully attended to.

PIANOS TO LET, TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Mr. WERNER will also continue to give instruction on the Piano, Organ, Flute, Violin and Guitar. Mr. Werner can be seen at the Sales-room, or in the evening at his residence, No. 976 Washington St. May 27. 3m

GEORGE J. WEBB & CO'S PIANO-FORTE WAREROOMS:

Chambers, No. 3 Winter Street, Boston.

AT this Establishment may be found an elegant and extensive assortment of

PIANO-FORTES,

at all prices, warranted equal to any in the American market, in the essential properties of Tone, Touch, Power, Durability, Style, and Finish. None others will be kept.
Also, an assortment of

MELODEONS AND GUITARS.

Mr. Webb's long experience in the profession of Music, enables us to assure those persons residing at a distance, who may find it inconvenient to visit Boston for the purpose of selecting an instrument, that they shall be as well served by letter (naming the price of the instrument desired), as by personal examination; and those who may favor us with their orders, can implicitly rely upon the exercise of Mr. Webb's best judgment in their favor. Any instrument ordered can be exchanged if it does not suit.

SOLD AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

... AGENTS FOR ...

Lights, Newton & Bradbury's Pianos, New York.
Hallet, Davis & Co's do. Boston.
Goodman & Baldwin's Melodeons.
Feb 19 6m

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, TEACHER OF MUSIC,

No. 30 ASH STREET, BOSTON.

Communications may be left at Mr. Ditson's music store, No. 115 Washington Street. June 10.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

T. BRICHER, Teacher of the Organ, Piano-Forte and Singing, having closed his connection as Organist of the Bowdoin Square Church, has removed to No. 7½ Tremont Row, where he will be happy to receive applications for his services as Organist and Teacher of Music. Je 24

HEWS' PATENT AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.
GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston. 1f

Apr. 10.

D. B. NEWHALL, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN PIANO FORTES,

No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET. 1f

Apr. 10.

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.

Messrs. CRICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PRABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

CARL HAUSE,

PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. P. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 13.

PIANOS! PIANOS! PIANOS! BARGAINS IN PIANOS.

The subscribers have in store new German Rosewood 6½ octave Pianos, at \$200. Warranted fully equal to the Boston and New York pianos, and one hundred dollars cheaper.

G. P. REED & Co.

July 8. 13 Tremont St., opposite the Museum.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

GIVES

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,

AND MAY BE ADDRESSED AT

Feb. 4 3m 55 HANCOCK STREET.

Mr. OTTO DRESEL

Will return to Boston by the first of October, when he will be prepared to receive pupils on the piano-forte.

Address meanwhile at this office.

J. B. WHEATON,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Apply at the Music Stores of Nathan Richardson, or Theo. T. Barker. 3 mos. Dec 8.

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPPOSED, &c. Boston, April 23. 3m

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Oct. 8. 3m

A. W. FRENZEL,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

No. 6 Acorn St., (between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Sts.)
Apr 8 BOSTON.

JOB PRINTING.

In all its various branches,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED,
BY EDWARD L. BALCH,

Office Journal of Music, No. 21 School St.

The MEDAL AND DIPLOMA awarded him by the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association for superior workmanship, may be seen at his office.

—MUSIC prepared for Stereotyping.

GREAT BOOK IN PRESS.

MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC:

COMPILED BY JOHN W. MOORE,

With the assistance of other distinguished men in the musical world. The intention of the author is to make a most complete and thorough work of the above, which will be a desideratum in the world of music. It will be published in one elegant Royal Octavo volume of about 900 pages, double columns, and will contain a complete

Dictionary of Musical Terms,

A HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC,
from the earliest time to the present, a

Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass,

a description of all known MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, with the names of the most distinguished makers, and a complete Musical Biography of over three thousand of the most distinguished Composers and Musicians who have ever lived. Mr. Moore has spent several years in compiling this valuable work. It is now going through the press as rapidly as will comport with accuracy.

P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

The price, bound in cloth, will be...\$4 00.

The price, bound in half calf, will be...\$4 50.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & Co.,

Publishers, 17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston;

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,

Cleveland.

Will be for sale by all the book and music dealers in the country. 2m Feb. 11.

G. A. SCHMITT, TEACHER OF MUSIC,

May be addressed at Mr. O. DITSON'S, 115 Washington St., or Mr. N. RICHARDSON'S, 282 Washington St.

REFERENCES.

John S. Dwight, Esq. Mrs. Farnham,
O. Ditson, Esq. 6 Copeland st. Roxbury.
N. Richardson, Esq. Epes Sargent, Esq.
A. Berry, Esq. 28 Pearl st. Rev. Mr. Huntington.
J. A. Hanson, Esq. 6 Bath st. Hon. J. J. Clarke, 27 State st.
H. Crocker, Esq. 6 Shawmut av. July 1

E. R. BLANCHARD, TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND ORGAN.

TERMS MODERATE.

Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.

Reference, GEO. J. WEBB, Esq. May 20.

Signor AUGUSTO BENDELARI, (FROM NAPLES,) TEACHER OF SINGING.

Residence, Winthrop House, Boston.

May 13 tf

L. H. SOUTHARD, TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16. 3m

Germania Serenade Band.

THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured by applying to

H. E. TELTOW, Agent.

1114 tf 30 Fayette Street.

CHICKERING & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF

PATENT ACTION
GRAND AND SQUARE
PIANO-FORTES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WAREROOMS,
MASONIC TEMPLE,
TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.

Apr 29 tf

—Edward L. Balch,

THE MODERN SCHOOL

—FOR THE—

PIANO-FORTE,

HAS MET WITH THE GREATEST POSSIBLE SUCCESS, and has created more excitement among Instruction Book makers and publishers than any other Method before heard of; for the reason that IT IS SOMETHING NEW, AND THOROUGHLY ADAPTED TO ITS PURPOSE. It is a "Yankee" invention, and the only work in existence that is universally commended notwithstanding the great opposition which has so long been maintained against every musical work from the pen of an American. The Author feels much flattered with the interest both foreign and American Professors have taken in introducing his method; it certainly is its best recommendation. The "MODERN SCHOOL" is not only known in this country, but in Germany, France and England.

Publishers, both at home and abroad, already feel the influence of this Instruction Book, and it has induced them to overhaul their old and long-forgotten "Methods," shake off the dust and disguise them in a modern suit, and present them to the present generation as something new. In fact, every work less than a hundred years old is now making its re-appearance.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO-FORTE is bound to sustain its reputation and we challenge any publisher in this country or in any other, to produce a method for the Piano that has stood or will stand the same examination and criticism as the *Modern School for the Piano-Forte*.

The Author, Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, has just returned from Europe, where he has met with the most flattering success with his Instruction Book, it having passed a critical examination by the most distinguished teachers, and been pronounced a great improvement upon all other methods by the highest authority of the old country.

Among the many Professors who examined this work, and gave their written recommendations, we will mention

JULIUS KNORR,

(well known in this country), who admitted to the Author personally that there is no instruction book at the present day that will compare with the MODERN SCHOOL as regards true merit, and will answer so fully its purpose. He gave his written testimonial as follows:

After a careful examination of "The Modern School for the Piano-Forte," by Mr. Nathan Richardson, I am convinced that it presents a full and accurate compendium of all that is most essential to the acquirement of a good execution. It has, moreover, the merit of entire consistency in its system of fingering, which is occasionally new, but always thoroughly adapted to its end. The work cannot be sufficiently recommended, especially to those players who make virtuosity, or brilliant execution, one end of their studies. An interesting feature of the book will certainly be found by many in its anatomical descriptions of the bones, muscles, and ligaments of the hand.

Leipzig, April, 1854.

Those who are about to purchase an Instruction Book for the Piano-Forte should not fail to examine this work before any other, and they will be satisfied that it is the most thorough, progressive and comprehensive method ever published, and those who practice out of it will improve wonderfully. It is also decidedly cheaper than any other. Why? Because it contains 248 pages, and is printed upon the finest paper, embracing several beautiful colored plates, and bound in splendid embossed cloth, full gilt; presenting the most magnificent appearance of any music book ever laid upon the piano.

Single copy,\$4.

To satisfy the Public that the

MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO-FORTE

is the best Instruction Book published, we give for reference the following names of distinguished Professors of Music, who have given the most complimentary recommendations:

LOWELL MASON,
GEO. J. WEBB,
ALFRED JAEHL,
WM. MASON,
GEO. F. ROOT,
W. B. BRADBURY,
A. DREYSCHOCK,
OTTO DRESEL,
CARL BERGMANN,
A. KREISSMANN,
F. H. HOWARD,
AUGUST GÖCKEL,
A. W. FRENZEL,
A. KIELBLOCK,
A. T. THORUP,

S. A. BANCROFT,
F. G. HILL,
J. B. WHEATON,
N. B. CLAPP,
H. PERREAU,
W. R. BABCOCK,
W. C. GLENN,
F. F. MÜLLER,
L. H. SOUTHARD,
J. TRENNLE,
T. BRICHER,
A. BAUMBACH,
B. F. LEAVENS,
JAMES FLINT,
ED. BRUCE,

NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW,
NEW YORK MUSICAL WORLD AND TIMES,
DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

Published at the

MUSICAL EXCHANGE,

282 Washington Street, Boston,

BY NATHAN RICHARDSON,

and for sale at all the principal Music Stores in the United States and English Provinces. All orders promptly executed. N. B.—A list of recommendations, from one to two hundred, may be had on application to the author.

Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing—Office,

The name of KNORR in commendation of an Instruction Book has often been sought, and when obtained considered a leading inducement for Teachers and Scholars to adopt the work. Here we have a Method by Knorr himself, in which is comprised all that vast accumulation of Musical Knowledge, as it relates to the Piano, which has made his name so celebrated, and his word of approval so desirable.

THOSE, THEREFORE, WHO HAVE ADOPTED A WORK BECAUSE JULIUS KNORR RECOMMENDED IT, WILL NOT FAIL DULY TO APPRECIATE A VOLUME OF INSTRUCTION DIRECTLY FROM THE PEN OF THAT TALENTED ARTIST.

THE MOST COMPLETE

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION BOOK
OF THE AGE.

A. E. MÜLLER'S METHOD

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE:

REVISED BY

JULIUS KNORR,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

G. A. SCHMITT.

The *Musical World* and *Times* says of this work: "It is admirably suited to promote the study of the Piano-Forte, for it is one of the most complete works, in this line, ever published in this country, while it is based on the soundest principles of teaching. Müller seizes upon the pupil from the earliest age, and from the simplest lessons leads him, step by step, methodically to the fullest development of his physical powers, and to the highest acquirements of the instrument. There is one part of this Method which cannot be too highly praised; this is the development given by the author to the Exercises with the hand in a quiescent state. Explanations on embellishments, musical elocution, and other matters are given with particulars entirely new. An excellent chapter is devoted to the performance in two and more parts (strict style) of each hand separately; a novelty in instruction books as yet published in this country. We recommend the book to the attention of both professional men and such musical amateurs as are desirous of becoming able and correct players on an instrument whose resources are boundless, and whose popularity is daily increasing."

Numerous letters have already been received from distinguished Professors of Music, copies of many of which will soon be published. There is but one opinion expressed respecting Müller and Knorr's Method, and that is earnest in its praise.

From lengthy notices of the Boston press, the following are selected:—

"This volume contains all that is required to make not only a good, but an admirable pianist."—BOSTON ATLAS.

"A pupil who shall follow the rudiments here given, cannot fail of becoming an accomplished performer."—TRANSCRIPT.

"A legacy of inestimable worth to our growing love of the Art."—POST.

"An elaborate and valuable directory to the art of piano-forte playing."—TRAVELLER.

"It contains a plainer system of instruction than we remember to have ever met with in any similar publication."—AM. UNION.

"One of the best, if not the very best (notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of Bertini's Method) Piano Instruction Book ever published in this country."—TRAVELER.

"Best and most thorough Method for the Piano ever published. Even old players will deem it a valuable companion."—CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

"This is unquestionably a work of superior excellence."—PATHFINDER.

This translation has been made by a German teacher, who brought to the task the results of a long experience in Piano-forte teaching, both in this country and in Europe.

The German Text will be found valuable to many Teachers and Scholars.

The work is comprised in 170 large quarto pages.

Complete, Two Parts in one,\$3.

Separate Parts, each,\$2.

THE FIRST PART contains the Elements of Music, as applied to the Piano; a systematic synopsis of the Rules of Fingering; explanations of different modes of Musical Elocution; interwoven in all of which is a useful Guide to the Teacher.

THE SECOND PART treats of Mechanical Matters, or all that belongs to the department of Fingering exclusively. More fully carried out by Knorr in this, than in any of his other works.

Published by OLIVER DITSON, Boston:

BERRY & GORDON, New York; J. E. GOULD, Philadelphia:

D. A. TRUAX, Cincinnati: and by Music Dealers generally.

Copies can be sent by mail.

No. 21 School St.

